

# Saturday Journal

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL  
A POPULAR PAPER  
WEEKLY  
FOR PLEASURE & PROFIT

Vol. II.

BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,

98 William Street.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 14, 1871.

TERMS \$3.00 per Annum in advance.

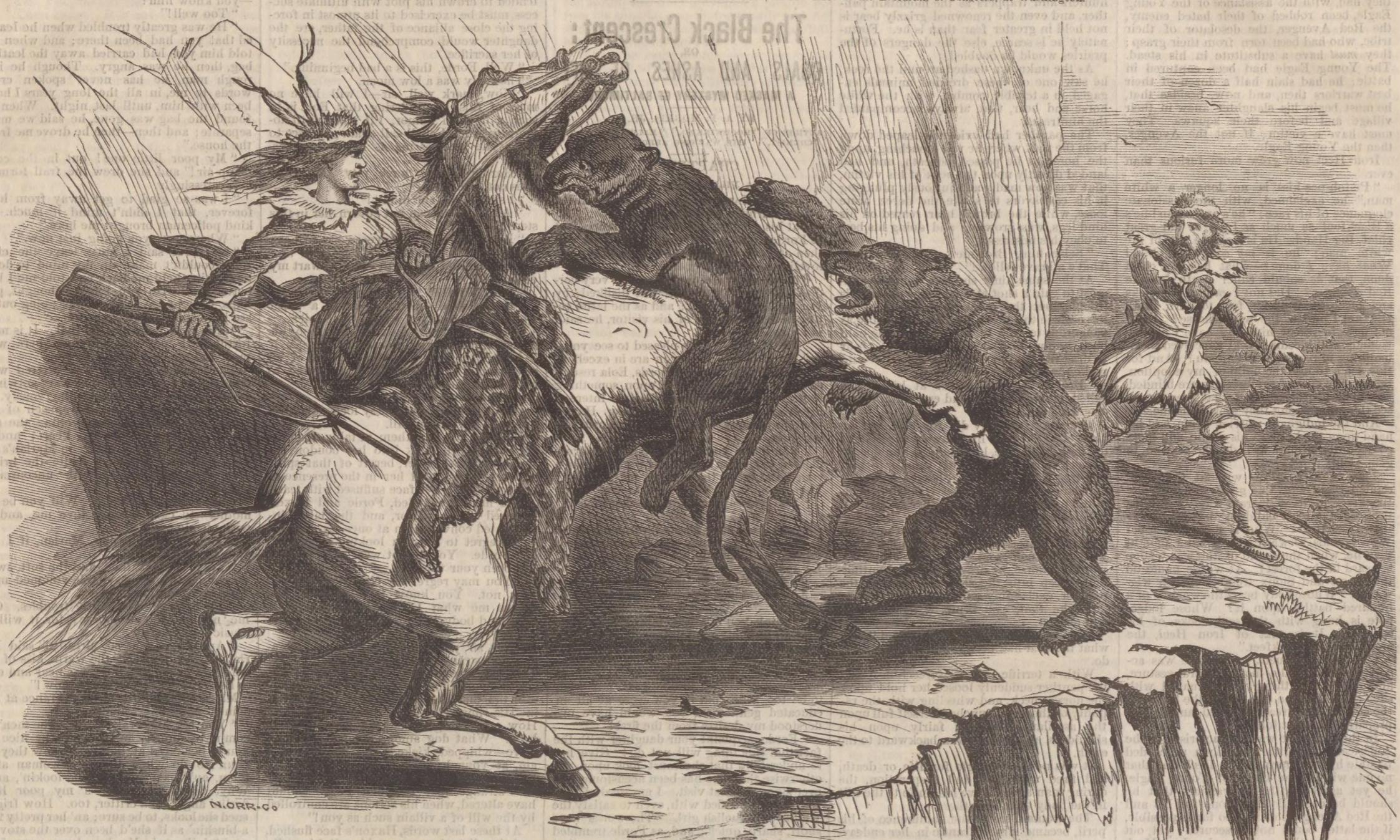
1

\$1.00 for Four Months.

No. 83.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by BEADLE AND COMPANY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Copyright 1871 by Beadle and Company. All rights reserved.



"Seize him, Brownie! Drag him off! That's a brave fellow!"

## OLD GRIZZLY, THE BEAR-TAMER;

OR, THE

## Wild Huntress of the Rocky Mountains.

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS,

Hephew of Old Grizzly Adams, and author of "The Phantom Princess; or, Ned Hazel, the Boy Trapper," "The Blackfoot Queen; or, Old Nick Whiffles in the Valley of Death," etc.

### CHAPTER V.

THE YOUNG EAGLE SHOWS HIS TALONS.

When Alfred Badger found himself a captive in the hands of the Blackfeet, his first thought was for his old friend, the bear-tamer; and, as they bore him forward, he cast many anxious glances over every side to discover if he, too, had met the fate that had befallen himself. But he saw no evidence of the old hero's capture, and there was comfort in the thought that he had escaped—so much, indeed, that Alfred did not even doubt of his own ultimate release.

On reaching the vicinity of the village, the conductors and captive were met by the entire population, save those who were still out in pursuit of the bear-tamer and he who had so recently escaped their clutches; and there ensued a scene of extravagant joy and display of gratified revenge, that fairly beggars description.

Surrounded on all sides by howling braves and screeching squaws and children, the prisoner was borne forward toward the village, where the chiefs and older warriors were already assembled to decide his fate.

As though taking a lesson from the rapidity with which events were transpiring, the Indians had determined to act promptly in this case, and, by so doing, place the captive beyond the possibility of rescue.

With this view, Alfred Badger was led directly to the council-house, where, pausing a moment, he was exhibited to the assembled chiefs and then taken away to the strong lodge, for safe keeping.

In the present case, the assembling of the council to decide upon the fate of the prisoner was a mere matter of form. He was doomed from the moment of capture; but custom prevailed, and the lodge was assembled.

As a well-known warrior rose to speak, the moment the council was opened, Big Hand, the head chief, exclaimed:

"Let Iron Heel speak. His words shall be heard."

Instantly a profound silence fell upon the assembly, and presently the deep, full voice of the Blackfoot brave broke the silence.

"Two moons have passed since Iron Heel led the warriors of Big Hand against the villages that lie far toward the rising sun. We burned their villages and took

many scalps. While on the return path my brothers' hearts were filled with gladness, while Iron Heel came back to his lodge in sorrow. Wun-nes-ton, the son of Iron Heel, fell before the rifle of the white man.

The lodge of Iron Heel is lonely. Soon the snows of winter will whiten his home and stiffen the limbs that are now strong. Who will then provide the lodge of Iron Heel with buffalo, and the skins of the wild animals to clothe himself and squaws? The White Buffalo has gone. I must have another in his place. By his right as warrior of the Blackfeet, Iron Heel demands that the white captive be brought into the council. He will adopt him as the son he has lost in battle, and the warrior drew himself up, and glanced proudly around the circle of scowling faces.

Had a hand-grenade been thrown into the midst of the assembled chiefs and braves, the effect would not have been more startling. With one impulse the braves sprung to their feet, and instantly the lodge became a scene of intense excitement, but the harsh commands of Big Hand soon reduced the excited braves to order.

"The words of Iron Heel have entered our ears," said the chief. "He is a great warrior, and the Blackfeet are proud of his deeds. They mourn with him in the loss of Wun-nes-ton, for no braver heart nor stronger arm went into battle with our enemies. But has Iron Heel thought well over his purpose? When has white blood ever proven other than the enemy of the red man? Will not my brother fear that he may take a snake into his lodge?"

"He has thought," answered the brave. "The spirit of Wun-nes-ton has told him to take the white captive to his lodge. I have spoken."

Again were the murmurs of dissent heard, and vengeful eyes glared upon the determined brave. But they were powerless to interfere. Iron Heel possessed the right, by reason of customs handed down from remote generations, and they dared not interfere, for that custom had become a law.

"Let the white captive be brought into the council," said Big Hand.

In a few moments Alfred Badger stood, without bonds, in the presence of the assembled Blackfeet.

"Pe-toh-pe-kiss—the Young Eagle—is welcome to the heart of Iron Heel. He shall be to him as his eldest son," he said.

The ceremony of adoption was fixed for the next day, and, until that was performed, Alfred must still remain, ostensibly, a

prisoner. At a sign from the chief, he was led from the council chamber to the strong lodge.

The council was about to break up when suddenly, there arose from without a series of wild and startling yells that evidently boded no good to the prisoner.

For an instant Iron Heel paused to listen; and then, as the sounds grew more furious, he dashed from the lodge, closely followed by the others—the chief, Big Hand, among the number.

Nor was the warrior too quick in his motions, for a single glance showed that he was on the point of losing his newly-adopted son.

On leaving the council-house, attended by his guards, Alfred Badger found the open space that surrounded the building, densely crowded with warriors, young men and squaws, who, up to that moment, had maintained so profound a silence that none within knew of their presence there. The news had gone abroad in the village that the captive was to be adopted into the tribe.

The news had gone abroad in the village that the captive was to be adopted into the tribe.

He explained to the captive his motive in thus acting—drew a pathetic picture of his loneliness since the death of his favorite son—told him that old age was creeping fast upon him, and asked that, instead of going to the stake, he would consent to enter his lodge and fill the place that was vacant.

Without further discussion of the matter, the chief, Big Hand, who spoke English sufficiently well for all necessary purposes, put the question of adoption into the tribe, with startling abruptness to the young man.

Before Alfred could reply, however, Iron Heel again demanded to be heard.

He explained to the captive his motive in thus acting—drew a pathetic picture of his loneliness since the death of his favorite son—told him that old age was creeping fast upon him, and asked that, instead of going to the stake, he would consent to enter his lodge and fill the place that was vacant.

To the young hunter the proposition was startling in the extreme. He had come to consider death as certain, unless the bear-tamer should succeed in rescuing him. Of this new phase of the matter he had never even dreamed.

But, he was not long in deciding the question. The act of accepting the adoption did not bind him not to attempt escape at the first opportunity. At any rate time would be gained, and that was every thing.

As though actuated by a sudden impulse, he strode across the open space within the circle to where Iron Heel stood, and frankly extended his hand to the brave. With an exclamation of joy, the latter grasped the proffered hand, and again glanced around with a smile of triumph.

"Pe-toh-pe-kiss—the Young Eagle—is welcome to the heart of Iron Heel. He shall be to him as his eldest son," he said.

The ceremony of adoption was fixed for the next day, and, until that was performed, Alfred must still remain, ostensibly, a

His only chance lay in reaching the council-house, and thither he proceeded to cut his way.

So furious was his onslaught, so true the blows of the tomahawk in his powerful grasp, that the Indians bore back for a moment, leaving an almost open road to the desired goal.

But, a new ally now appeared upon the scene. Iron Heel, tomahawk in hand, rushed to the rescue, scattering the young braves right and left as he came. In a moment he had reached the captive's side, where, placing one arm protectingly upon his shoulder, he sternly bade the howling warriors stand back.

During the slight lull thus produced, Big Hand appeared, and at a few words from him, the crowd dispersed. But now the complexion of affairs were again changed, and even the brow of Iron Heel grew clouded as he surveyed the scene.

One warrior lay with skull cloven to the chin, a noted young brave, while two or three others bore ugly marks of the young hunter's prowess. Blood had again been shed, and that in the very heart of the Indian village!

It mattered not that it had been done in self-defense. A white man had slain a red warrior and there must be an account rendered.

Alfred Badger was borne off to the strong lodge, while preparations were made to again assemble the council to take into consideration the new position occupied by the captive.

### CHAPTER VI.

LIFE OR DEATH.

EVENING has closed in upon the Indian village, and the chiefs and warriors whose deeds have earned the right to meet and deliberate upon the affairs of the tribes, have assembled in the council chamber to pass sentence, for life or death, upon the Young Eagle, the adopted son of Iron Heel.

Iron Heel still maintained his right to adopt the young man, and was determined to defend that right to the last. The young man had, even so soon, taken a deep hold upon the Indian's affections. A fancied resemblance to the dead son in the living one, strengthened the feeling, until the rugged



more; oh! do. Where is she? You will take me to her? Say you will!"

The tearful eyes were lighted with hope; her voice was pleading in its eagerness.

"Look—Marian—I am your mother."

For a few seconds the words seemed to dwell echoing in the silence of the room; and then, with a burst of joy that found its vent in convulsive sobs, Marian was clasped in the other's arms.

"You are! You are!" she cried. "Yes, you are my mother! I knew it! I felt it!"

Their tears were mingled as the spray of heaven's founts, and two souls thrilled with the ecstasy of brimming happiness.

"Yes, Marian, my own child, my own flesh and blood. God witnesses to my words: I am your mother! I would have told you when I saw you last night—for the first time in long, sad years—but thought it would be better to wait until a more favorable moment—a moment such as this. We have come together strangely. You would ask why we have been so long separated, and—"

"Yes, yes; do tell me!"

"Then listen. It is not a long story, but you shall hear it, that you may know how unhappy I have been since the dark hour in which you were snatched away!"

At that instant, there came a knock at the door, and Doctor Cauley was admitted.

"Well," he said, in a voice that would have sounded brusque to one who did not know his nature; "here I am. Mighty long ways out here; isn't it? How's the young man? Got a fever yet? Didn't shake him up much in moving, did you? Pardon—how are you this morning? Who's this, now?"

A friend of mine—Marian Mead. Doctor Cauley, Marian" shaking hands with the physician.

Doctor Cauley was extremely gracious. For an old, confirmed bachelor, he surprised himself. He bowed, "ahem'd," drank in her beauty with his sharp eyes, and while proclaiming her "most obedient," thought:

"By Jove! of all the lovely creatures Charles street ever contains on Sunday afternoon, this one produces total eclipse! But there, Cauley, you vagabond, 'twon't do, no sir; you've got over that. Ahem! I'd like to see my patient now, if you please, madam."

"Some other time I will tell you all, Marian; excuse me now," whispered Marian's new-found mother, and the woman in black led the way to Austin Burns' bedside.

Wat Blake was there, and in reply to the physician's inquiries, informed him that the young man had sunk into a raging fever, almost immediately upon being placed in bed.

"Um! pretty strong, high, unwholesome fever it is, too," said Cauley, musingly. "Give me pen, ink and paper. No time to lose. This must be checked. He'll be in a serious condition if we don't—why don't you jump? Retain your self-possession and assist me."

The required articles being furnished, a servant was dispatched to the nearest drug-store with a prescription.

Doctor Cauley withdrew shortly after having given especial instructions regarding the cure of Austin, and promising to call again at nightfall.

About four o'clock Wat Blake went out, and the woman in black seated herself, with a book, near Austin, occasionally bathing the hot brow of her unconscious charge.

Marian Mead was happy. For a long time after being left alone, she continued to weep; but her tears were the overflow of joy that seemed immeasurable, in its fullness.

The dinner hour came and passed. Late in the afternoon, she tapped gently upon the door of the room wherein lay Austin Burns, and asked if she could not assist in any way. But she was put off with a kiss, by her mother, who promised to return to her very shortly, and narrate what the doctor's sudden arrival had interrupted.

But the hours flew on. Doctor Cauley attended his patient in the evening, and departed. Wat Blake was unaccountably detained, and the watcher could not leave her post.

It was nearly ten o'clock when Marian sought her couch, and in the customary prayer her lips had breathed to God each night since early childhood, there went up more than her wont, to thank Him for His manifold kindness and the restoration to her of a mother.

And then sweet sleep. And dreams in rapturing accord with her buoyant spirits, wafted through the portals of repose.

## CHAPTER XII.

### "WHAT DOES IT MEAN?"

For one moment only, Forde sat upright, statue-like, ghastly in his pallor, and then, with a low, painful groan, sunk backward.

Haxon sprung forward to restrain him, but was warded back; and Forde cried:

"Man! Man! pity me. What do you ask?—what merciless fiend sent you upon this mission?" and burying his face in his hands, he wailed: "Oh! Heaven, be more merciful! Why should I suffer thus?"

"Mr. Forde, really I do not understand—"

"Not understand the other, as if he would read his inmost soul. Not understand what you have asked me! Then, why do you ask? Take back your words; take them back, I say—say that you do not mean what you speak; else you will drive me to madness! My brain whirs—it whirs—I am beset!"

Hardeen Forde passed up and down in a way that seemed unaccountable for one in his weakened condition; and Haxon watching him in partial amazement and wonder, was striving vainly to solve how his simple words could create such an outburst.

"Mr. Forde, permit me—" "Harold Haxon, begone! Leave me alone. If you do not go, after this I may brave you with defiance, and commit—"

"Moderate your tone. I am not used to being ordered." My request—what will you do about it?"

"Do!" fairly screamed Forde, in his excited frenzy: "I can not, will not, grant it! You are set upon me by some demon! Your words are one of a well-learned lesson! Some one has put you up to this! I see it—I read it in your face! Who told you to ask of me what you have?"

"It matters nothing."

"But you shall not have it! Hear me: though I be blasted in life—death—eternity, you shall not have the crescent! Though you feed me, piecemeal, in my wreck, to the ever-hungry jaws of gossip!—drag me, with relentless hand and tongue, through the mires of shame!—do any thing you will—your worst—yet you shall never touch the

Black Crescent! My heart's blood shall flow to keep it from you! My weak limbs shall go down to the earth, mangled and broken, in the struggle to keep it from you!

Every muscle in my frame shall palsy before I release it to your grasp! It is mine!—mine! Have you heard? Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"So!" thought Haxon; "just as Gil Bret foretold. And he said it was superstition. Forde will not part with it. I would give an arm to know why he is so worked up!"

Forde's excitement was of such intensity that Haxon feared it would terminate in delirium. He saw that his presence anguished the other's state, and so concluded to withdraw.

"Mr. Forde, I am going. But I will come again to-morrow. Remember what I have said regarding Eola. Let there be no more of her girlish pets. I shall not insist further upon the matter of the crescent; but—a new idea appeared to strike him—please have a check for five hundred dollars made out to my order when I call again."

Haxon drew on his kid gloves, and, with a paring bow, which Forde seemed scarcely to notice, left the house.

There was a light footfall on the carpet behind Forde, and a hand fell upon his shoulder.

"Father, Mr. Haxon has gone." Eola stood beside him.

"Yes," he returned, absently; "he has gone—thank Heaven!"

"Amen! Now, I am here for an explanation."

"Do not ask it now, my child. Wait—"

"But I shall." She spoke determinedly. There was something in her mind which rendered her expression even stern, as she faced her father with a searching, steady gaze.

"You have been a bad—a bad, wicked man," she said, at length.

He tried to baffle her; but it was no use, and so he told her every thing—a new version of the old story he had related to her on the Mississippi—and, while he spoke, she sat with her hands in her lap, and gazed at him with her soul in her eyes.

"Chamcey, there is a terrible mystery here, and I must know it."

He noticed this at once, and said:

"We have been brother and sister so long, that, perhaps, you can not think we can be any thing else. If, however, you don't love me with a stronger love than that—he dropped her hand now—"why, it can't be helped, that's all!"

Yes, she did love him with a stronger love, and she told him so, and then he asked her to be his wife. Her answer must have been satisfactory, for his eyes danced, and his tongue rattled out her praise as if it never would stop.

Romney did not tell Van what Chamcey had said.

The moon was streaming through an open window into the apartment, and when he looked up into her face, his was white as chalked marble, but full of agony and remorse.

a month or two she became very contented, and, as was quite natural, pined less for her old life, and began to love Grace and Chamcey very dearly.

They were good to her; she felt it, too, and when Chamcey proposed to send her off to boarding school, she protested against the plan, and almost conquered them.

However, when September came about, Chamcey insisted on her going to Pleasant Hill for the fall and winter term at least, and off she went.

Grace missed her much, and one day she was sitting talking to Chamcey about her, when she said:

"Did I ever show you the necklace the girl had on when Mrs. Taggart found her on the door-step?"

He answered that she never had, and

Grace went to a chest of drawers and brought back the emeralds Elinor had placed around her baby's neck, so many years before.

Chamcey Watterson felt himself growing faint and sick, when the green jewels met his gaze, and when Grace pressed the spring and held up Elinor's picture before his eyes, he gasped for breath and fell stiff, cold and unconscious, with a dull, heavy thud upon the floor.

When he came to his senses again, he complained of weakness, but his wife was not to be thus easily disposed of, and she said calmly, but earnestly:

"Chamcey, there is a terrible mystery here, and I must know it."

He tried to baffle her; but it was no use,

and so he told her every thing—a new version of the old story he had related to her on the Mississippi—and, while he spoke, she glanced around and stood face to face with Van Taggart—a tall, handsome man of twenty-five!

With a glad cry of welcome, she leaped into his arms, and he smoothed back the soft silken gold from her forehead, kissed her lips, brow and cheek, while she nestled closer to his breast and wept for joy.

"I have come back to claim you," he said, after a while. "I have a good start, and I think I can keep you comfortably."

Romney thought of what Chamcey had said concerning Percy Shelby, and hung down her head.

He noticed this at once, and said:

"We have been brother and sister so long, that, perhaps, you can not think we can be any thing else. If, however, you don't love me with a stronger love than that—"he dropped her hand now—"why, it can't be helped, that's all!"

Yes, she did love him with a stronger love, and she told him so, and then he asked her to be his wife. Her answer must have been satisfactory, for his eyes danced, and his tongue rattled out her praise as if it never would stop.

Then she knelt down by his side and whispered her forgiveness.

The moon was streaming through an open window into the apartment, and when he looked up into her face, his was white as chalked marble, but full of agony and remorse.

Van received a cordial welcome from both Grace and Chamcey, and the evening was spent in the glittering reception-room with songs, music and anecdotes.

Grace and Romney retired at ten o'clock, and, ere the latter stole off to her own chamber, she told Grace every word of what had passed between Van and herself, and also of what Chamcey had said to her concerning Percy Shelby.

The good, kind Grace sympathized with Romney, and promised to reconcile her husband to her marriage with Van. In this, as in other things, she kept her word, and when Chamcey came up from the reception-room, an hour later, she broached the matter at once.

He attempted to argue the case with her, and, schooled as he was in casuistry, was more than a match for Grace. But she, finding this to be so, threw down the gauntlet bravely, and said:

"This nobility of blood is all stuff and nonsense, and this nobility of dollars is worse than foolishness; it is wicked. It is an inducement to man to commit crime in order to gain money, where money is all potent to grant patents of nobility, and gold has the power to gild vices which, without its glitter, would repel and disgust."

"But one's family pride!" he interrupted.

She shook her head solemnly, and said, looking him straight in the eyes:

"Chamcey Watterson, your family pride has already cost you sufficient suffering; have you any desire for more?"

Her words went home to his heart, and, remembering Elinor Gregg, and all those subsequent years of remorse, he said:

"It shall be as you wish. You can tell Romney I consent."

Grace did tell Romney early in the morning, and immediately after breakfast the latter communicated the glad intelligence to Van.

"We go to Cape May in June," said Romney, "and you can come down there and spend the summer with us."

"And in September I'll come out here and claim you; that is a bargain!"

It must have been, for, instead of answering in words, she put up her scarlet lips, and he kissed her.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 77.)

## Out in the World: THE FOUNDLING OF RAT ROW.

### A ROMANCE OF CINCINNATI.

BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL,  
AUTHOR OF "IN THE WEB," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XVIII. THE LOCKET'S REVELATION.

TRUE TO HER OLD LOVE.

### CHAPTER XIX.

BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL.

### CHAPTER XX.

THE LOVING LADY.

### CHAPTER XXI.

THE LOVING LADY.

### CHAPTER XXII.

THE LOVING LADY.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LOVING LADY.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

THE LOVING LADY.

### CHAPTER XXV.

THE LOVING LADY.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

THE LOVING LADY.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

THE LOVING LADY.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE LOVING LADY.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

THE LOVING LADY.

### CHAPTER XXX.

THE LOVING LADY.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

THE LOVING LADY.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

THE LOVING LADY.

### CHAPTER

# Saturday Journal

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 14, 1871.

The Saturday Journal is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied in the following rates:

Terms of Subscribers	
One copy, monthly	\$1.00
Two copies, one year	3.00
Three copies, one year	5.00
Four copies, one year	7.00

In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State city and street. The paper is always stopped, postpaid, at expiration of subscription.

Subscriptions can start with any required back number. The paper is always ready to send them without special cost for postage.

All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, 58 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

We have in hand, and will soon present, the first contribution to our columns of our new contributor, MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON, vis.:

**ADRIA, THE ADOPTED,** a serial of great beauty of story, of high dramatic interest of incident, of keen conception of character and admirable plot-construction. Excellent and striking as have been many of the love romances which have appeared in our pages, we question much if any thing we have printed will give greater pleasure, or excite more expectation than this graceful and impressive story of heart life and peculiar social relations.

## Our Arm-Chair.

**Injustice to American Authors.**—The last number of the American Bookseller's Guide announces: "The October number of *New and Old* will contain the first part of *The Vicar's Daughter*, a new novel by George McDonald."

Foreign literature dominates in American Magazines. One by one American authors are given the "cold shoulder," until now, it may be said they are practically excluded from our Monthlies, whose publishers pay the foreigner from two to three times as much, for *advance sheets*, as they would think proper to give for the home writer's entire manuscript and copy-right.

Talk about building up American literature, under such auspices!

Talk about the equality of our laws, when every imported article is made to pay a heavy duty but English literature, and that is permitted to flood us until American authors are in despair!

We have splendid, brilliant talent in all the professions—but authorship. Our lawyers, preachers, architects, artists, engineers, inventors, are second to none in Christendom, because they all have the proper incentive to greatness—a just appreciation of their talent and a proper reward for their labors. The author alone is unprotected—goes begging for employ, and takes a mere pittance from publishers, and that is doled out to him grudgingly, for the publisher says: "I need not have paid you any thing, for I can appropriate all I want from the English, French and German."

This state of things is a national disgrace. That for our reading matter—our *ideas*, we should be compelled to go abroad, is revolting. But so it is. How long—oh, how long shall it be so?

In the great popular "weeklies" alone the American author finds encouragement. The avenue of magazines and books being closed to him, save in rare instances, he turns to the weekly paper as his only resource. In its columns he confronts a vast audience, and by this means assists much to undo the mischief of a foreign or imported literature. In the great weeklies are doing a grand service; and every well-wisher of a *home literature* and *home greatness* should bid these popular journals God speed!

**A Queer Question.**—"Gustave" propounds this query: "How can a young man, on a salary of \$150 per year, board at a first-class hotel and belong to a social club?"

On various ways. He may board at an Ann street restaurant and pick his teeth on the Astor steps.

Or, he may be a distant relative of Tweed. Or, he may belong to the inspector's department of the custom-house.

Or, his mother may be a first-class milliner and be proud to have her boy spend enough of her money to pretend gentleman.

Or, he may be courting old Shoddy's daughter, and is only keeping up appearances for a little while until she bites him in the ear.

Or—well, Gustave is a little green to ask such a question.

**How It Reads.**—A very good judge of what is good in literature writes us, among other things, as follows:

"I am well pleased with Mr. Campbell's story, *Out in the World*. It is so new, so fresh, so entirely original, so utterly unlike the prosy, long-drawn English serials (reprints of course) that appear as originals in the—etc., etc.

Just our view, and that is why we have Mr. C. to write for us. We do not care for the repeaters—those who write what somebody else has suggested; nor do we deal in reprinted Lords and Ladies. American authors of the true ring are our favorites.

## DARKENED ROOMS.

There are thousands of people who are fit candidates for a lunatic asylum, whose sanity is never doubted. And I think that among these unsuspected lunatics may be classed those folks who keep their rooms darkened, religiously excluding every ray of light, and preserving a Stygian gloom in all the "best rooms," lest the carpets should be faded, or flies find their way in.

Why can not people appreciate the blessings given them? Flies! As if the presence of all the flies in Christendom wasn't preferable to the absence of the sunshine! Carpets! Of what use is a carpet, if the room is so dark you can not see it?

No wonder people have the dyspepsia, and see the world through blue spectacles, when they live in such dismal houses. The idea of a warm region, frequently mentioned by ministers, must have first originated in darkened rooms. The "blue devils" lurk in every corner of those houses whose

blinds are always closed and the curtains closely drawn. Dark and chilly, always! A graveyard is a cheerful place in comparison.

It is no wonder that the inhabitants thereof think they have committed the unpardonable sin. Their liver tells them what their conscience does not. If they could only see that the sin consists of their love of darkness—dwarfing mind and body, and shortening life, all for the sake of having, on state occasions, a room or rooms, with a bright carpet and unspeakable furniture!

I shall never forget visiting at a place once, where the people were afflicted with this species of madness. Whether myself and companions were not regarded as "particular company, or whether that was the way they always did, I know not, but they ushered us into the parlor, where semi-darkness reigned, and kept us there all the afternoon, without lifting the curtains or unclinging the shades. Sufficient light found its way in to clothe the room in twilight, but not for an instant was the door left open "for fear of flies." All the afternoon I sat there in the straight-backed chairs, with my feet on the Brussels carpet, and stared in the ghostly light at the sweeping lace curtains, and the wax flowers on the table, and wondered why folks were so stupid. I wanted to tear away the curtains and throw open the doors, and let in the blessed sunshine that was flooding all the world with brightness. Sunshine, indeed! What was sunshine to our hostess, compared with spotless curtains and bright carpet? I wanted to tell her that God gave us the light, and that man made carpets, and one glimpse of the former was worth all the latter in existence, but I knew she could not appreciate it and so held my peace.

But I revenged myself for my term in prison by sniffling contemptuously at the drifting laces, and dug my heels viciously into the knots of pink rose-buds which strewed the white carpet, as I shook the dust of *that* threshold off my feet forever, and went out into the sunshine and bird-songs with a strong feeling of thankfulness that I wasn't born without Divine understanding and appreciation of what God gives freely to all.

Had I the wealth of the Rothschilds, I would not have house too fine for the light to shine upon. A bare floor and countless windows, where the sunbeams fall with its life-giving warmth, is infinitely better than a palace where it does not. "Let there be light!"

LETTIE ARTLEY IRONS.

## BUBBLES.

WHEN we left off our short dresses and put away childish things, we didn't put away, at the same time, the practice of blowing bubbles—of course I am speaking figuratively. We are always building castles in the air, loving to think of what we wish would happen, yet rarely does. The daily round of practical duties rarely suits us, and we go wishing and hoping for something more out of the usual way or order of things.

We'd wish to be like the careless, happy butterfly, roving here and there in quest of sweets, forgetting all the while that John is waiting for the more nourishing articles, bread and butter. Of course, this John is your husband, and you often wonder why you fancied him enough to marry him, for he wasn't one bit like the ideal of your school-girl dreams. Your hero was to have all the graces and accomplishments of an Apollo; you never imagined that he would bring in the water to fill the tea-kettle or an armful of wood for the melting fire.

Somewhere or other, your ideal never happened along, and when John commenced his courtship you almost laughed at his presumption. The more he came to see you, the better you liked him, until his true goodness touched your heart and he became his for life. But, your air-castle was shivered, and the bubble burst.

Perhaps you think yourself gifted as a writer, and that you would be richer and the world would be made better for your writings, so you go deep into the composition of a serial, much to the neglect of other work. All day long at the store, you are planning out your plot, and all the evening writing down what you have thought during the day. At last it is finished and in the publisher's hands. You are then drawing in your mind, the illustrations which will accompany it, and the splendid announcements which will be made of it. No more store and its hum-drums dues for you, if your serial is accepted, but a life of literature.

But, it is not accepted, and then the reaction comes—Sore-spirited, down-hearted, and feeling generally miserable, you resume your old jog-trot life; but, somehow or other, one hears you say little about serial writing. It did seem cruel for the editor to burst your bubble so suddenly, but, sober second thoughts will show you that he was right.

And many an actor, toiling on the stage, will tell you how high his aspirations were; how great his success was going to be, and how sadly had his bubble been burst; and even with this example before us, we envy the life of the dramatic performer. It looks so pleasant, but is far from being so in reality; and if these lines will cause our would-be actors to think twice before they enter the profession, even I will feel that words have not been wasted.

I'm not saying that the stage leads to degradation, because it doesn't, and I wish there were many good people in other professions as there are in the theatrical. I always have spoken a good word for the "craft," and I'm always going to. I write to keep you from the hard work of it. Don't you know that all professions which seem the easiest, are the most laborious in the end? This bubble of yours wanting to lead an idle, easy life, ought to be exploded.

Of late years everybody was in a hurry to become very suddenly rich, with no trouble and but a little expense. Some of the sharers in New York thought of the counterfeit money swindle, and never was there a fraud so greatly patronized as that. It was the most tempting bait ever offered, and bitten at instantaneously. The bubbles were continually blown, and all the hues of the rainbow exhibited upon them. Moorish palaces, Grottos, Arcades and visions exceeding the beauties of the Alhambra arose before the people. But, when the box of sawdust came to the express office, don't you imagine that the bubble burst and left "not a wren behind?"

So, let me advise you to leave all bubbles alone. Be honest and you'll be happy.

EVE LAWLESS.

blinds are always closed and the curtains closely drawn. Dark and chilly, always! A graveyard is a cheerful place in comparison.

It is no wonder that the inhabitants thereof think they have committed the unpardonable sin. Their liver tells them what their conscience does not. If they could only see that the sin consists of their love of darkness—dwarfing mind and body, and shortening life, all for the sake of having, on state occasions, a room or rooms, with a bright carpet and unspeakable furniture!

## WHICH?

In the village churchyard, the other day, there were two funerals: a man and a woman were to be interred. The man's body came first, followed by perhaps half a dozen persons. Wishing to learn some of the characteristics of the deceased, we made bold to seek information of the person who stood at our side.

"I am sorry," said he, "that I can not give the man you have just seen put in the grave a better character. I do not know what they have committed the unpardonable sin. Their liver tells them what their conscience does not. If they could only see that the sin consists of their love of darkness—dwarfing mind and body, and shortening life, all for the sake of having, on state occasions, a room or rooms, with a bright carpet and unspeakable furniture!"

I shall never forget visiting at a place

once, where the people were afflicted with

this species of madness. Whether myself

and companions were not regarded as "par-

ticular company, or whether that was the

way they always did, I know not, but they

ushered us into the parlor, where semi-dark-

ness reigned, and kept us there all the after-

noon, without lifting the curtains or un-

clinging the shades. Sufficient light found

its way in to clothe the room in twilight,

but not for an instant was the door left open

"for fear of flies."

All the afternoon I sat there in the straight-

backed chairs, with my feet on the Brussels

carpet, and stared in the ghostly light at the

sweeping lace curtains, and the wax flowers

on the table, and wondered why folks were

so stupid. I wanted to tear away the cur-

tains and laid a good foundation. Do not—as

you hope to work for success—spend time in

idleness. If your time is your own, busi-

ness will suffer if you do. If it is given to

another for pay, it belongs to him, and you

have no more right to steal than that you

had to steal money. Be obliging. Strive to

keep away from harsh words and personali-

ties. Do not kick every stone in the path;

more miles can be made in a day by going

steadily on than by stopping to kick. Pay

as you go. A man of honor respects his

word as he does his bond. Ask, but never

say "no." Help others when you can, but never

give when you can not afford to, simply be-

cause it is fashionable. Learn to say no.

No necessity of snapping it out dog-fashion,

but say it firmly and respectfully. Have

few confidants, and the fewer the better.

Use your own brains rather than those of

others. Learn to think and act for your-

self. Be vigilant. Keep ahead, rather than

behind the time.

Then the funeral of the woman came on.

The graveyard was scarcely large enough to hold the mourners.

"There, sir," said our friend, "I can tell

you a different story about this old lady;

we shall all feel a regret at her death. She

was one of those women whose society and

acquaintance brought joy to those around her.

She lightened the burdens of those who were

weighed down with them. She cheered the

desperer herself, she assuaged the sufferings of

others. Why, her kind face and cheerful

eyes were enough to banish sadness from

one.

"To the youth she gave encouragement;

to the beggar never left her door hungry;

when such as she die they leave a void not

easily filled. Yet, she was unconscious of

the good she did, which made her life more

lovely. There is no hypocrisy in the tears

# SATURDAY JOURNAL.

5

## PLEADING.

BY LIZZIE MCGER.

Oh, God, there's wild woe in the toll of the bells!  
And tears in the mucky soil where the flock must die,  
Is the flower of my flock must die?  
But one short year since the raging seas  
Took my oldest, my bravest son!  
My prayer, sent up on the fluttering breeze,  
Was—"Father, Thy will be done!"  
Two more have gone since the bearded grain  
Grew red in the fields apart;  
I laid them to sleep in the falling rain,  
With a bitter pain at my heart.  
But this is Will, my pride, my joy!  
Oh! I cannot let him go!  
Oh, Ames of Death, canst not my boy  
To sleep where the dead waters flow?  
I'll freely give all my golden wealth,  
All my glittering jewelry,  
If you'll give my Will back to me—  
Oh, Asrael, let him stay!  
My heart is black with its bitter woe;  
I'm weak; I can not be brave;  
Oh, God, if my darling boy must go,  
Let me sleep in the same cold grave.

## In the Wilderness.

V.—THE DUCK-HUNT.

THE party had been out some weeks, and had made great havoc among the trout, and old Ben, producing a well-thumbed copy of the game-laws, announced that the time for duck-shooting had come. There was great preparation, cleaning of guns and surveying of the game-laws, announced that the time for duck-shooting had come. There was great preparation, cleaning of guns and surveying of the game-laws, announced that the time for duck-shooting had come. They reached it just at daylight—a small, dark, shallow body of water, perhaps a mile in length by half a mile in breadth. From the rich soil at the bottom rose luxuriant growths of fern, water-lily and rushes, waving in the early morning breeze. The water showed only at intervals between the rushes and ferns, dark and slimy, with the broad leaves and petals of the water-lily resting on the surface. Old Ben soon found upon the bank hidden by leaves and brush, two "dig-outs," which he had fashioned with his own hand last year, and in these precarious craft they embarked. "Gustus could not be induced to take a place in one of these tricky craft, much to the delight of the old guide, and so he remained upon the bank, moaning vaguely up and down the shore, and cracking away at the "divers," which were very abundant. Luckily for the voyagers, the channel where they were likely to have the most sport was on the other side, out of the reach of the destructive weapon which "Gustus" carried. Old Ben took the student in his canoe, placing him in the bow, while Viator took the paddle in the other. Ben led the way, his canoe gliding noiselessly among the ferns, the sweep of the silent paddle in his skillful hands scarcely stirring the water through which it passed. After him came the canoe of Viator, who was an adept with the paddle, and an old duck-shooter. Their long double-barrels, cocked and ready, lay beside them in such a way that no one could possibly be injured by the discharge of any one of them by accident.

The half-lifted paddle of old Ben was arrested by a low sound, and a tremulous motion in the reeds twenty yards away, and his left hand was thrown backward in a warning gesture. Viator at once laid down his paddle and took up his gun, and waited. The student, imitating the actions of the others, did the same, and rose to his knees, with his weapon ready. Ben struck a light blow upon the side of the canoe with his paddle, and seized his gun.

*Whir!*  
A flock of wood-duck, with outspread wings and extended necks, rose from their feeding-ground in wild alarm. The hunters were ready, and for a moment there was a wild confusion, until eight barrels were empty, and all that were left of the ducks took flight toward the station of "Gustus," and they heard him fire two barrels in quick succession.

"There!" said Ben. "It's a satisfaction to the darned critter to let off the gun, and he's done it; but I'll bet a cookie he never teched a feather. Hyar, Jack; fetch 'em out."

The cocker spaniel dashed into the water, and in five minutes had deposited nine plump wood-duck in the hands of the hunter.

"Fat as butter," said Ben, as he passed his finger along the flesh of the ducks. "That's good feeding for the critters now. Push along now; we'll git black duck afore we git to the upper end of the lake."

The guns were reloaded, and, while doing this, Ben gave his young companion some advice with relation to duck-shooting, which he took advantage of. He had a good eye and steady hand, and would make a shot, and Ben knew it. The paddles dropped into the water, and the boats proceeded.

"I see one," whispered the student, grasping his gun.

"Hist!" said Ben. "That's one of those darned divers. You might as well try to shoot a streak of lightning, for they dive at the flash of a gun. And, what's more, of all the fishy meat you ever swallowed, a diver is the worst. Take care."

Black duck this time, and a flock of beauties. Viator singled out a beautiful drake, the black and green of his coat relieved by red markings, and brought him down by a beautiful shot, and then sent his second barrel into the flock. Ben fired one barrel and waited, and immediately a huge black fellow rose from the ferns and was off like a shot. The long ducking-gun came up steadily. Would he never fire? Nearly a hundred yards separated the duck from the canoe when the gun cracked, and the duck, closing his wings convulsively, plunged head downward, into the channel with a great splash.

"He got it then," said Ben, quietly. "I know'd I could do it. Pull up close, now, and let me tell you what to do."

After the guns were loaded, they set to work with their knives and cut a number of long rushes, enough to completely hide the canoes. The paddlers, covered by the green rushes, sat in the stern, and the canoes, now resembling little green islands, floated into a broader channel, in which there was quite a current. All the use they made of the paddles was to keep the canoes headed down the channel. Ben had instructed them not to fire until he gave the word, and several small flocks rose undisturbed from the water as the canoes moved on, flew a short distance, and settled again. All at once they floated out into an open space, covering, perhaps, two acres, and upon this place countless flocks of wood-duck.

and black duck were feeding. The canoes moved forward by imperceptible degrees until they lay motionless upon the water in the very center of the duck pasture. Such a sight neither Scribbler nor the student had seen before. The unsuspecting birds were swimming about, sporting in the clear water, or tugging at the roots and grass which they were feeding on. Ben allowed his young companions to feast their eyes upon the strange scene for a moment, and then gave the word, by firing a single barrel into a flock of black duck close at hand. Instantly every bird upon the lake seemed to rise together in a clump, and seven barrels spoke in rapid succession. With such a chance as that, it is no wonder that the slaughter was fearful, and when it was over they picked up forty-one duck of various kinds, and threw them into the canoes. The screens were now thrown off, and resuming their paddles, they returned to the other side, taking a shot occasionally at a stray flock. On the shore they found "Gustus," whose eyes opened in wonder at the sight of the ducks, and he followed them slowly and disconsolately back to camp.

am I so unlike other women, that he never comes to me, that I must suffer on and on and on?"

She raised her voice to a perfect wail of agony, and you never would have dreamed that the calm, emotionless face could have grown so stormy with feeling, or that the cold eye could have so over-flooded with rushing tears.

"And all for that fair-haired girl who has cast her withering charms around him—my husband!" Who has that subtle, secret influence to lead him at her caprices, that I would barter soul and body for? Philip! Philip! If you only would try me you'd see I'd love you more than Hermione L'Estrange can or ever will!"

And thus this proud woman whiled away the early morning hours of that cold winter dawn, of all the wide world none knew the result of that sadly solemn season of self-communion.

But, the next morning, there was more fire and glitter in her purple-black eyes than was usually there; and the obsequious attendant on her stately, lonely breakfast at ten, wondered what made her so deathly pale.

Immediately after breakfast she ordered her brougham around, and, attired in her costly furs, velvets and silks, she stepped proudly in, gave the coachman the direction, and then, with eyes like glittering stars, leaned back against the azure-velvet cushions.

It was no evil spirit that looked forth on those bright, beautiful eyes; it was only an intense excitement that betrayed Imogene Athelyn's anxiety lest her mission should prove futile; lest the object she attained to was beyond her grasp—and no wonder her heart bounded and her cheek paled when she realized that her all hung on the accomplishment of this object.

She was going to Hermione L'Estrange, the girl with her radiant hair, who had power enough over Imogene's husband to keep him from his wife's side.

Imogene had been a sad story; and she proposed telling it to Miss L'Estrange, who was a severely plain style of dress; a black velvet, magnificently trimmed with point d'Alencon; the neck cut quite low, exposed the round throat, and the wide sleeves, open to the shoulder, where a black lace undersleeve reached half-way to the elbow.

She intended telling her all about the private marriage years ago; of the estrangement that followed, of the pride on her side, and the stubborn willfulness on his.

Bessie Raynor, as soon as she had made the discovery that the chest was empty—that the deeds to the house, in which she lived—

to the lands in Illinois, near the

## Why She Never Danced.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"I THINK she is the most beautiful woman I ever saw in my life."

Adelbert Montague's enthusiastic admiration was every word of it perfectly just. Let me describe her as she stands in Mrs. Senator Valerian's reception-room, under the glaring blaze of a dozen-jetted chandelier.

A regal woman from the crown of her head to the sole of her feet; dignified almost; to sternness, and as emotionless as the marble Andromeda opposite her.

She had a complexion of alabaster purity, that suggested no hue of ill-health; hair, brows, and lashes of intensest blackness, and not a tinge of color in her cheeks.

She wore a severely plain style of dress; a black velvet, magnificently trimmed with point d'Alencon; the neck cut quite low, exposed the round throat, and the wide sleeves, open to the shoulder, where a black lace undersleeve reached half-way to the elbow.

She was talking to General Neer, and now and then a faint smile displayed her little, pearly teeth; she held a white feather fan in her kidded hands, and seemed more interested in it than in the great man's brilliant conversation.

She said very little herself, and never flirted; she sang exquisitely, and played in a style that would shame even Anna Mehlig; she never danced, and yet she was the prime favorite in Washington circles, while senators and attaches, cabinet ministers and envoys extraordinary—even the illustrious chief himself admitted that Mrs. Imogene Athelyn was the bright particular star of those aristocratic gatherings.

To-night, this young Adelbert Montague, the handsome attache to the French Legation, crossed her path, and with all his ardent admiration written in his eyes, Mrs. Athelyn suddenly glanced up, and noted it.

Other women would have blushed, or displayed their agitation in some feminine way, but Mrs. Athelyn only looked at him a second, allowing a surprised, half-questioning light to creep into her dark eyes, and then bowed assent to a remark made her by a gentleman near. Then Montague heard her voice for the first time.

"If you'll call my carriage, General, I shall be much indebted."

"Musical it was, yet what a load of pensiveness in its rich tones."

"Parbleu! if she is a widow, I—"

"A friend cut him short."

"Don't anticipate. She's not a widow—she's an acknowledged wife!"

"What! that grand creature of whom I might be proud!"

"Tastes differ, you know," the gentleman replied, dryly. "But, I wish she was a widow."

The light was burning dimly through the glass globe in Mrs. Athelyn's dressing-room; her gorgeous toilette was flung carelessly across a chair and her diamonds lay in a heap on her dressing bureau.

She had refused the offers of her maid, and, alone, with her long hair unbound and a white cashmere dressing-gown around her, she sat by the grate, her face covered with her hands.

Suddenly she sprang from the chair; you would have known some sharp agony had seized her had you seen her commence a quick, restless promenade of the long room, wringing her white hands in ceaseless distress.

"Why do I permit myself to go? why am I like other women in that I dress and make one of their crowd? and, God help me, why

Unspeckably tender were his words, husky and hoarse though they were; and folded against his broad breast in an embrace so close, so passionate that it almost crushed her. Imogene knew, for a very truth, her coming had not been in vain.

Of course the world opened its Argus eyes in excessive wonder.

Was it possible that General Neer was

Mrs. Athelyn's husband, and Miss L'Estrange his daughter by a previous mar-

riage?

So it seemed, and a brighter family circle never gathered around a fireside than this.

Even after this, when strangers wondered

why Mrs. General Neer could never be per-

suaded to dance, some one told them, why

all for a dance, her happiness had been so

nearly shipwrecked for life, and that now,

nothing could induce her to revive those bitter memories by again participating.

## Bessie Raynor: THE FACTORY GIRL.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER,  
AUTHOR OF "COLLEGE RIVALS," "MASKED MINER,"  
"FIFTY THOUSAND REWARD," "THE MISSING  
FINGER," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

A LAPSE OF TIME.

The summer had passed; autumn had come and gone, snow-clouds had gathered in the air, and snow had whitened town, churchyard and lane. Christmas had come and gone. The "New Year," with its greetings, all of the wide world over, had come and gone.

The year eighteen hundred and sixty had come and we re-begin our story on the ninth of January, a day preceding one of the blackest, the most awful, the saddest, the longest remembered in the annals of New England.

Before going on regularly, however, it will be necessary, briefly, to refer to the history of our characters in this interval of time.

Bessie Raynor, as soon as she had made

the discovery that the chest was empty—that the deeds to the house, in which she lived—to the lands in Illinois, near the

mill.

He had grown haggard and pale as the time wore away, and his step was slow, nervous and halting. Often, in the silence of his chamber, in which he kept his papers, he would start at the slamming of a door, at a tap on his panel, at the creaking of a shutter, and the rattle of the sashes.

Bessie Raynor, of late, had passed from his mutterings—perhaps from his mind. "Tis true, several months before—just four weeks after the burial of old Silas Raynor—he had one night gone to the Raynor home. This had grown after much stimulation with brandy. That night was one never to be forgotten by Bessie, for then, in an off-hand, old, gray-headed man, had offered her marriage! Indignantly, unhesitatingly, she had rejected him, and ordered him from the house. Then a wild storm of anger had burst forth from the old man, as he told her of her poverty. Then, too, he had demanded the rent for the house in which she lived.

In vain Bessie had aspersed that her dying father had told her the house was his own, that it was paid for, but tauntingly, the old man demanded the deed to prove it. Punctually had he collected the rental, every month; and from her hard-earned savings Bessie paid him.

As of old, Black Phil often came to his house, and the fellow became bolder and bolder, and more exorbitant in his demands.

Old Ames groaned, but Black Phil heeded him not; he simply reiterated his demands; and he always went away with his money gains.

Malcolm Arlington was, as always, a business man—methodical, punctual, honest, and, of course, prosperous. Lorin Gray, whom he had ceased to notice, almost to remember, never came up before his vision to disturb him.

His marriage with Minerva Ames was fixed for the night of January tenth, eighteen hundred and sixty.

Mother Moll was more serious, and sombre than was her wont. Her eye did not sparkle so brightly as of old, and her movements were slow.

She spent long hours bending over the smoking hellebore and hyssop, and when the moon was shining and flinging its shadows like white-winged specters through the bare branches of the trees, she might have been seen prowling through the woods, muttering and sighing, her head bent and her hands crossed before her.

And Mother Moll was often, before she sought her couch, upon her knees by the bedside, in prayer—a strange thing for her.

Thus matters stood on the evening of the ninth of January, eighteen hundred and sixty.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

A POWDER FOR RATS.

It was dark night again, a dark, cold winter night. All was still, save the creeping wind, which, with its icy breath, swept along the frozen river, and crooned through the bare branches of the trees.

A light gleamed from the window of Black Phil's cabin. It came from the same lamp, the same window, the same room as the one in which we have before introduced the reader.

In that room, close to a glowing fire on the hearth, sat Black Phil. The mill had "let out" early that afternoon, in consequence of some new machinery having to be put in, including huge turbine wheels. Nancy had lingered in the city and had not returned.

Black Phil's eyes were fixed staring in the fire, as if from the glowing coals he was weaving fancies, as if from the ashes he was resurrecting black, buried images. His cheek was pale, and his dark brow was wrinkled into a deep, anxious frown. His thick, bushy hair hung in matted masses over his forehead and added to his wild, disordered appearance.

Near the door was a lounge; on it a coarse coverlet and pillow. The man had been asleep.

"Graecious! what a horrible dream!" he muttered, after a few moments. "So life-like! so real! Yet, twenty-two years have rolled round since that night. Ugh! I feel the little black shadow here now, touching my elbow! Oh, heavens! and though old Merrimac is frozen tight, I can hear coming up from its dark depths a low, ghastly wail! I feel that I am suffocating! I know that something dreadful overhangs me!"

He rose and staggered toward the window. With a blow of his brawny fist he shattered sash, frame and all.

The cold air rushed in and filled the room with its freezing breath. The man panted heavily, as if he was drinking in the elastic atmosphere.

"I feel better," he muttered. "That dream was too much for me, and Nancy is away! A thought! Yes, to-night is

any thing about this dark, terrible affair. I will have all from her, or I'll choke the tongue from her mouth!"

He did not hesitate long. Taking down a coarse overcoat from a peg against the wall, he arranged the coals so that they would not do any damage during his absence. He left the lamp burning, and striding to the door, which led into the darkness without, he opened it. Ere his foot had crossed the threshold, a woman, bundled in shawls and coarse wrappings, pushed in.

"Thank you, Phil; you are clever to open for me," she said, with a sneer. Her face was red and her eyes were dancing in her head. The odor which exhaled from her parted lips told a tale.

"I expected you. Again I say, welcome, and enter. But now, your business?"

He cast his hat aside and drew near the stove.

"I am Arthur Ames, old woman," he said; "but it seems to me, as you know every thing else about me, you should know my business, too, and he sneered.

The fortune-teller started; a snake-like, revengeful gleam came to her eyes and a rigidity to her lips, as she replied:

"I did not say that I knew not your business. Trust me, man, when I say I know every thing about you, but my lips are sealed till gold has touched my palm."

The man did not answer. He pretended not to hear her, as he buttoned his coat around his throat and drew his hat over his eyes.

"I say, Phil, where are you going? Can't you hear me?" and the woman reeled toward him.

"I am going out to attend to my own business," answered the man. "So don't hinder me," and he strode to pass by her.

But the woman promptly and boldly barred his way.

"No, you don't, Black Phil!" she said; "you've been away from me all the time, lately. I suppose you are going to see that pale-faced Bessie Raynor?"

Her eyes glittered, and drunk as she was, she stood erect and firm, as she asked the question.

A bright look came into the man's face. He did not want her to know anything of his contemplated trip to Mother Moll's. He took a cue from Nancy's question.

"What if I do go to see Bessie? As I have asked you before to-night, whose business is it? Get out of my way, woman! Ha! dare me to my teeth! Then, take that!"

As he spoke, he suddenly struck her a violent blow on the side of the head, sending her stumbling like an ox, to the floor.

Another instant, and without a glance at her prostrate form, Black Phil hurried the door open again and rushed forth into the night.

In ten minutes he paused, as he reached the road, and stood perfectly still, as a single-horse carriage rattled up and rolled by.

"A bold traveler on such a night as this! and going the same way with me!" he muttered, as he again entered the road and strode on his way.

Slowly Nancy Hurd recovered herself. With difficulty she staggered to her feet, and then sank into a chair. A silence of some minutes ensued; the woman's heavy breathing, as her brawny breast rose and fell, alone being heard; but, by an effort, sherouded herself.

"Ha! ha!" she exclaimed; "well done for you, Black Phil! Your blow was from the shoulder and well delivered! Ha! ha! ha! very well, Phil! I thank you for the stroke! It reminds me of my vow, and it nerves me to do the deed. Ay! Black Phil! I have sworn it! You and I part to-morrow forever! Ha! ha! forever! and Bessie Raynor can not go with you! First, the money! it shall be mine! Then, tomorrow, the draught! glorious! glorious! She again staggered to her feet and reeled toward the mantelpiece.

She began to press her hand on the wall, feeling, it seemed, for some hidden spring. For a long time she worked in vain.

But, all at once, as she suddenly, with an exclamation and a bitter expression of disappointment, leaned her whole weight against the wall, to her surprise and joy, it yielded.

The woman stepped back and gasped.

The task was soon done. Then she broke the "spring" of the secret door, so that it would not respond to pressure, and shut it tightly in its place in the wall.

She drew near the lounge by the door and was about to cast herself upon it, but paused.

"I'll look once more at the sleep-maker," she whispered.

Drawing a small package from her pocket, and opening it, she gazed at its contents.

"Tis a good thing to have rats in the house!" she said.

**CHAPTER XXXIII.**

BURNING THE HELLEBORE.

For some moments Mother Moll paused.

She muttered some low, indistinct words in a tremulous tone, and kept her head bent over the flaring flame on the marble. The thick, curling smoke arose around her frame and almost obscured her from sight.

It was a strange, inspiring scene, and Arthur Ames looked on with fear and wonder.

"Listen well, Arthur Ames; the vision is clear before me."

She spoke, and the fire flared up again.

"As she paused,

"I am listening, Mother Moll speak on."

The man's words were scarcely audible.

"Ah! I see yes! I see it plainly! A dark night; clouds over the moon; the stars hid from sight; all dreariness, blackness, gloom! A few lights here and there, scattered in the sleeping town, telling that there are those who still linger up. At the corner of a black-looking alley, near the Indianan's menaces, Jabez Grunn peered about to catch a glimpse of the buccaneer, which could not be far off. The men meanwhile, who had provided themselves with both rum and brandy, took a heavy pull.

"Avast hearing!" cried Jabez, "none of your mutiny here! If we gets drunk, no more brigantine for us. Heave and pull; hand over the wicker this way, old moony-face," addressing a German vagabond.

And having received the wicker-bound bottle, he took heavy drink, after which he popped the whole under the stern sheets, and bade the men row.

The cool impudence with which he made himself captain seemed to amaze the men, who, however, pulled off their jackets, and began to bend to their work with a will. But, though they made considerable progress in the desired direction, the brigantine could not yet be seen.

All, therefore, with one accord desisted from rowing, vowing they'd have a drain, and go to sleep. The atmosphere had by this time become more opaque, and the darkness more intense and horrible.

"Well, just as you likes, you know, my hearties," cried Jabez Grunn; "but, if we're took we shall hang, instead of hang-

ries out. Then from the house. On he goes. At last, far down by the river, where now the dam spans the sheet, the dark-brown villain is seen. He need not the suffocating, appealing wall; the quick, hurried breathing of the startled innocent. He stands and gazes into the dark water; then, as a sudden determination seizes him, he raises the child aloft, and hurls the little, helpless thing far out into the dark stream! Oh! God! A splash, a violent bubbling of the water, and then, the pale moon creeps from behind a ragged cloud and gazes down. Good heavens, the sight! the sight! A little white face scared and wet; a little, tiny hand stretched out from the dark water and all has disappeared! All is silence! Oh! God!" and the old woman staggered back and leaned against a mantel.

Arthur Ames, his face white as a wind-sheath, his eyes staring from his head, sprang to his feet. He strove to say something; then, an unmeaning, gibbering laugh broke from his lips.

The old woman aroused herself, and strode toward him.

"Like you the picture!" she exclaimed.

"Listen further, then," and with her long, almost fleshless finger, she pointed him to a seat.

Awe-struck, the man sunk back.

"Listen, I say, Arthur Ames! Far down the banks of that black river, a small, dark object floats ashore. From the bushes the stars are clear. Cross my palm and speak."

The old man laid several golden pieces in her hand. She bowed, as she said, half-mocking:

"Woman! you lie! you lie!" exclaimed Arthur Ames, springing to his feet and rushing toward her.

"Back! man! I am armed!"

At that instant, a low rap sounded on the door not the front, but the one to the rear.

"Go, Arthur Ames," continued the old woman, speaking hurriedly. "Some one comes; it might not be safe for you to be seen here. Begone! and remember my words! Remember too, that the reckoning day is coming!"

With the glare of a baffled tiger, Arthur Ames turned and strode hurriedly from the room.

Not until she heard the horse's hoofs ringing in the frosty crust of the road did Mother Moll pay heed to the other summons.

It came again.

The old woman walked to the door and opening it cautiously, peered out. Instantly, the door was pushed rudely open, and a short, burly man entered.

Mother Moll started back.

"You, Black Phil, and what do you want of me?" she asked, as a frown came to her face, a frown mixed with an expression of fear; and she retreated toward the mantel.

"Tis I, Black Phil, indeed, Mother Moll; but I am not here to harm you," said the man, respectfully.

"Then, your business? Quick, out with it!" and she spoke imperiously.

The man did not hesitate.

"They tell me, Mother Moll," he began, in a low voice, though he kept his burning eyes upon her, "that you, as fortune-teller, can unravel things to come and bring to light things of the past."

He was a young varmint, and he had been quite promiscuous-like, we should have had the darbies on us afore now. I say as the law of our craft must be put into operation. The young devil shall swing."

"Tell us all about it!" cried one.

"This here young Ned Drake."

"But he is the captain's friend."

"But he ain't. The darned young var-

mint has been and peached. If we hadn't

come away quite promiscuous-like, we

should have had the darbies on us afore

now. I say as the law of our craft must be

put into operation. The young devil shall

swing."

"What spy?"

"This here young Ned Drake."

"But he is the captain's friend."

"But he ain't. The darned young var-

mint has been and peached. If we hadn't

come away quite promiscuous-like, we

should have had the darbies on us afore

now. I say as the law of our craft must be

put into operation. The young devil shall

swing."

"Well!" he suddenly cried, "what about this here young spy? Ain't he a-going to be hung?"

"The man started at her strange, solemnly-uttered words.

"What mean you, Mother Moll?" and with frightened look, he drew near to her.

"And he though poor, a waif on the way,

"Shall have his again, as sure as day

"Succes the shades of night!"

Black Phil turned back; he gasped for breath.

"Then 'tis true! true!" he muttered.

"Flee, flee, Black Phil; flee from the bot-

tered wrath in store for you!"

As she spoke she waved him from her.

Without a word, the man turned and rushed from the house.

(To be continued—Continued in No. 73.)

**CHAPTER XXXIV.**

BURNING THE HELLEBORE.

For some moments Mother Moll paused.

She muttered some low, indistinct words in a tremulous tone, and kept her head bent over the flaring flame on the marble. The thick, curling smoke arose around her frame and almost obscured her from sight.

It was a strange, inspiring scene, and Arthur Ames looked on with fear and wonder.

"Listen well, Arthur Ames; the vision is clear before me."

She spoke, and the fire flared up again.

"As she paused,

"I am listening, Mother Moll speak on."

The man's words were scarcely audible.

"Ah! I see yes! I see it plainly! A dark night; clouds over the moon; the stars hid from sight; all dreariness, blackness, gloom! A few lights here and there, scattered in the sleeping town, telling that there are those who still linger up. At the corner of a black-looking alley, near the Indianan's menaces, Jabez Grunn peered about to catch a glimpse of the buccaneer, which could not be far off. The men meanwhile, who had provided themselves with both rum and brandy, took a heavy pull.

"Avast hearing!" cried Jabez, "none of your mutiny here! If we gets drunk, no more brigantine for us. Heave and pull; hand over the wicker this way, old moony-face," addressing a German vagabond.

And having received the wicker-bound bottle, he took heavy drink, after which he popped the whole under the stern sheets, and bade the men row.

The cool impudence with which he made himself captain seemed to amaze the men, who, however, pulled off their jackets, and began to bend to their work with a will.

But, though they made considerable progress in the desired direction, the brigantine could not yet be seen.

All, therefore, with one accord desisted from rowing, vowing they'd have a drain, and go to sleep. The atmosphere had by this time become more opaque, and the darkness more intense and horrible.

"Well, just as you likes, you know, my hearties," cried Jabez Grunn; "but, if we're took we shall hang, instead of hang-

ries out. Then from the house. On he goes. At last, far down by the river, where now the dam spans the sheet, the dark-brown villain is seen. He need not the suffocating, appealing wall; the quick, hurried breathing of the startled innocent. He stands and gazes into the dark water; then, as a sudden determination seizes him, he raises the child aloft, and hurls the little, helpless thing far out into the dark stream! Oh! God! A splash, a violent bubbling of the water, and then, the pale moon creeps from behind a ragged cloud and gazes down. Good heavens, the sight! the sight! A little white face scared and wet; a little, tiny hand stretched out from the dark water and all has disappeared! All is silence! Oh! God!" and the old woman staggered back and leaned against a mantel.

ing that there cursed young reefer as has blown upon us."

"You knows as we can't see nothing," replied one, "and it ain't no good a-rowing."

So hand over the beaker, and we'll keep a nigger's watch till morning—take in sail, and go below."

"I believe it's all you're good for," growled Jabez, as he plunged his nose into the bottle, and after a heavy draught, resigned it to his companions: "but, you see, the devil won't have none of you, for there's the brigantine. We're close on board."

And then it was that they were hailed as before related.

"Well, sir," said the buccaneer captain, "what has made you return?"

"I think we have pretty well explained," said his subordinate, gruffly; "where's that young thief? I mean to bring his neck before I turns it."

# SATURDAY JOURNAL

87

which he rose and walked to the door, where the drunken ex-boatswain of the Ocean Girl clutched him by the arm.

"Move on you —" grunted the ruffian, using a foul epithet, and lifting his hand, to strike.

"I say," cried Durtick, "none of that; a bargain's a bargain; he's to be tried for all sticks to my word."

"Well, heave ahead; a mighty fuss about a young varmint as is only fit for a powder-monkey," growled Grunn.

*CHAPTER XIII.*

THE TRIAL.

In well-appointed ships of the present day, the lower deck, occupied by the crew, is comfortable and clean; on board men-of-war the earliest attention of the officers is given to the berthing of the men, without which no orderly discipline can be established. Cleanliness, room and ventilation are seen to, the lower deck guns being run in and housed, while care is taken that the guard and quarter-masters are disposed of in the wings, or anywhere out of the gangways, so that the deck may be cleared easily, and the men who have night-watches may not be disturbed.

On board the buccaneer no order of the kind prevailed. The officers were content to set to their own comfort and security, leaving the men entirely to themselves, so that they were berthed just as their own fancy suggested. Some had hammocks, some standing bunks, some lay on the floor.

In the present instance, all except an anchor-watch were below, so that the forecastle was crowded to excess. Candles were stuck about, and whether the men reclined on the floor, or sat by tables, or near sea-chests, they were all drinking and smoking.

A rude chair was provided for Ned. It was on the top of a large cask, so that, when seated on it, he was in full view of the whole crew, who were about to decide his fate.

Grunn, who by force of impudence and swagger had got into the position of president, took his seat at a long table, round which were the oldest tars, men without much heart or conscience, their souls seared by the life of rapine, lust and plunder, they had so long led. All had rum in abundance.

"What's the report from deck?" said Grunn, to a pale-faced young sailor, near at hand.

"Officers battened down," replied the man, "and a guard over the gangway."

"Any resistance?"

"They're kicking up a blessed row," continued the reporter from the deck.

"Let 'em kick. Mind they don't kick a hole in her garboard strakes, and go to the bottom."

"What, with all hands, messmate?" asked a gruff old salt.

"No, but I'm thinking the ship w'd be lighter for the room of them officers," grinned Grunn.

"There's a little wind, sir," said a man, peering down the forecastle.

"Keep her son'-west, and look out for the Injuman. The court is opened."

And striking his fist heavily on the table, the ugly seaman called for silence, and then in a speech, the coarseness and blasphemy of which prevents it from soiling our pages, he recorded his opinion of the conduct of Ned, which he painted in the vilest and most hideous of colors.

"So now, you see, this here young scoundrel's robbed us of that ere ship's treasure; so I says, in the first place, he's been mutinous, so we'll cut him to ribbons with the cat; then, as he's stole our plunder, it shall be the thief's cat, with three knots in each tail!"

"One word, you cold-blooded ruffian!" cried Ned, hotly.

"Silence in the court! Then it's my idea he should be keel-hauled before he hangs."

A roar of laughter from some of the crew showed how much the three phases of punishment were enjoyed in anticipation. Hanging and flogging need no description from us, but keel-hauling may not be understood so readily. A long rope is passed under the ship, from a block fastened to the mainyard. About the center of the rope the body of the victim is fastened, and several men pulling on one side, the sufferer is drawn right under the bottom, where, if not suffocated, he receives such cuts and injuries as probably maim him for life.

It is a cruel punishment, but is varied in small fore and aft vessels, by sending the navigator on a voyage of discovery under the bottom of the vessel, lowering him down over the bows, and with ropes retaining him exactly in his position under the kelson, while he is drawn aft by a hauling line until he makes his appearance at the rudder-sheets.

The punishment is of Dutch invention, but was often used by our old brutal captains and admirals—a coarse, drinking, ignorant set of fellows, without an atom of mercy in their composition.

"Does you all think this young varmint guilty?" continued Jabez Grunn.

"I ask to be heard," exclaimed Ned.

"Silence, you mutinous rascal!" cried Jabez, "or I'll have you put in irons again."

"Anywhere, rather than in your company, Englishmen—for some of you, at least, bear he could help, he unfastened the batten-tops that confined the companion-way, and in a hollow voice spoke down the ladder.

"Mutiny and murder going on; creep on deck, and be cautious."

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned watched them with intense interest, for he saw that each was putting out a boat; the brigantine with extraordinary rapidity; the Indianman with more of sonority and slowness.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned watched them with intense interest, for he saw that each was putting out a boat; the brigantine with extraordinary rapidity; the Indianman with more of sonority and slowness.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned now lowered his sail, keeping his flag up, toward which he saw that both boats were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that, the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

## QUOTATIONS.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

**Quotations this:** "To be or not to be?"  
Has been the question fully long enough.  
And likewise with, "I'd rather be a toad."  
"Alas, poor Yorick" and "Lay on Macduff."  
"When we have shuffled off this mortal coil"  
Has got so old that it's begun to spoil.

"Tis distance lends enchantment to the view;  
I wish it lent enchantment to that view.  
"We're comin' home, an' all that you can do."  
"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,  
Has often caused me wide awake to keep.

They say "Man's inhumanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn;" these  
words have too.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again" will not  
be true if we stand by and let it rise.  
"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,  
Has often caused me wide awake to keep.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."  
Has lost what little beauty it possessed.  
"All the world's a stage" is badly played,  
Spoiled by too much rehearsal like the rest;

The fact is that these lines which each one quotes  
Are not nearly so much like his own's coats.

The love into your heart at every step  
They're flat! The pillow's not the 'tis true;  
They're many a talker's only stock and store.  
Till I go hungering for something new—

Sure, I've a mind to lay them on the shelf.

And write a stock of new ones all myself.

## The Hunted Heroine;

## THE HAWKS OF THE VALLEY.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

It was a balmy evening in the autumn of 1778 when a young girl, galloping through the beautiful but tragic Wyoming valley, suddenly found herself a prisoner of three Tory dragoons, who had sprung from the bushes that lined the road.

"We've caught the spy at last, boys!" cried one, looking into the pale face above the saddle with a triumphant leer.

"Yes, and we'll make short work of her, too. Curse the American adder! She defeated our attack on the rebels last week, and we've been watching for her ever since. I thought we were doomed to watch in vain; but Providence or somebody else has tossed her right into our hands. Come, dismount, my little she rebel. We want to hang you!"

Catherine Reynolds was unarmed, and in a dangerous situation.

She had incurred the lasting hate of the British and Tories, by conveying information of their whereabouts and designs to the bands of patriots that scourred the country. A large reward was offered for her dead or alive; and it was well known that not a Tory, save Webb Chaplin, would spare her life a moment when captured.

A greater villain than Webb Chaplin never drew a mercenary sword in a king's service. He commanded a band of Tory cut-throats, whose relentless natures had gained them the appropriate sobriquet of "Hawks of the Valley." His sword spared neither age nor sex; and, as I have said, he would not have spared Catherine Reynolds. At the outbreak of the Revolution he sought her hand; but, knowing his character, it was refused him. He went away vowing that his return would, like Catalina's boasted one, "be the burst of ocean in the earthquake."

During the war, as recorded above, the brave girl aided the Americans with her information, and one night Webb Chaplin swooped down upon her home and found it tenanted.

He reduced it to ashes. Then he hunted far and wide for Catherine; but she was not apprehended until the autumn evening opening our story.

She remained firmly seated in the saddle.

"Get off that horse, I tell you!" cried one of the dragoons, maddened at her inactivity. "I'll give you a minute to touch ground, and if you still fill that saddle at the end of that time, I'll bring you to the dust with a pistol-ball!"

The Tory loosened his grip on the rein to draw his pistol, when Catherine suddenly wheeled her white charger, and dashed away like a flash of light.

The musket of a stalwart Tory struck his shoulder; but, before he could cover the flying girl with his aim, a rifle cracked, and he fell to the ground in the crimson throes of death.

His companions turned and beheld a solitary patriot sweeping down upon them with drawn saber.

They might have dropped him with their pistols; but, they concluded to seek safety in flight, and hastily disappeared within the undergrowth, from which they had dashed upon the girl.

The patriot did not turn to pursue. He glanced at the fallen Tory as he rode forward, and seemed bent on overtaking Catherine Reynolds.

All at once he drew his pistol and discharged it in the air.

The echo had not ceased to reverberate down the valley, when the girl suddenly drew rein, and cantered back toward the soldier.

She had recognized the report of his pistol.

"Catherine," said the soldier, "I thank God that I arrived in time to save your life. But why rode you forth unattended?"

"I was going to see the Beatty. I thought that the valley was cleared of our enemies. For days I have not seen a sign of them."

"They are far from leaving without you, girl," he said. "They want you. Their spies find every road, armed for your death. You have been worth a regiment to us during this bloody struggle, and you must be saved. They lie low for you."

"Where were you going, Rodney?"

"To the hidden hut. I came to tell you that to-morrow, at sunrise, I bring my band thither to conduct you to New York."

"I am not afraid to remain," she said, bravely.

"I am well aware of that, my little girl; but, somebody loves you, you know, and he must not lose you."

A crimson blush flushed over her cheeks, and Rodney Foos tried, but in vain, to kiss it away, as they rode along.

At last they reached a diminutive hut, nestled in a gloomy valley. It was so surrounded by trees and bushes that it had escaped the eye of the British spies. Beyond its door Catherine Reynolds, the hunted heroine of the Revolution, had dwelt for six months with no companion save a faithful canine, and now and then a visit from her lover—beardless, but manly, Rodney Foos.

After entering the structure, Catherine prepared a frugal meal, and the night was

far advanced when the patriot bade her farewell, until the god of day should salute the eastern horizon.

He rode swiftly back to his encampment to prepare for the march. His band slightly outnumbered the Tory's, but were poorly armed. This is the "Hawks of the Valley" knew, and they never shrank from an encounter with the patriots.

Daybreak was not far distant when a spy rode into the patriot camp, with the startling information that Catherine's hidden home had been discovered at last, and that the entire Tory band was marching thither intending to take the brave girl hence.

Webb Chaplin headed the black squadron.

Ten minutes later the patriots were in the saddle, riding like the wind for the hidden home.

In front of the hut stretched a little plain, and as the patriots gained it, from a wood to their right burst the Tory band!

The next instant sabers flashed from their scabbards, and the rising sun beheld the shock of battle.

For one hour the conflict raged with varying fortunes. Charges and counter-charges were the order of that cool autumnal morn, and, at last, the Tories began to give way. The Americans fought as Americans had never fought before. They knew that the life of one who had saved them from midnight surprises, depended upon the result of the battle, and the thought threw Herculean strength into their right arms, and lent material aid to that victory.

With an oath, Webb Chaplin saw his trooper suddenly retire, disputing the sanguinary sod inch by inch.

All at once he wheeled his bloody steed, and dashed from the conflict.

With drawn saber he flew toward the hidden home, where Catherine Reynolds trembled for the result of the struggle.

Suddenly a horseman rode from the patriots' ranks, and bore down upon the bushes that lined the road.

"We've caught the spy at last, boys!" cried one, looking into the pale face above the saddle with a triumphant leer.

"Yes, and we'll make short work of her, too. Curse the American adder! She defeated our attack on the rebels last week, and we've been watching for her ever since. I thought we were doomed to watch in vain; but Providence or somebody else has tossed her right into our hands. Come, dismount, my little she rebel. We want to hang you!"

Catherine Reynolds was unarmed, and in a dangerous situation.

She had incurred the lasting hate of the British and Tories, by conveying information of their whereabouts and designs to the bands of patriots that scourred the country. A large reward was offered for her dead or alive; and it was well known that not a Tory, save Webb Chaplin, would spare her life a moment when captured.

A greater villain than Webb Chaplin never drew a mercenary sword in a king's service.

He commanded a band of Tory cut-throats, whose relentless natures had gained them the appropriate sobriquet of "Hawks of the Valley."

His sword spared neither age nor sex; and, as I have said, he would not have spared Catherine Reynolds.

At the outbreak of the Revolution he sought her hand; but, knowing his character, it was refused him. He went away vowing that his return would, like Catalina's boasted one, "be the burst of ocean in the earthquake."

During the war, as recorded above, the brave girl aided the Americans with her information, and one night Webb Chaplin swooped down upon her home and found it tenanted.

He reduced it to ashes.

Then he hunted far and wide for Catherine; but she was not apprehended until the autumn evening opening our story.

She remained firmly seated in the saddle.

"Get off that horse, I tell you!" cried one of the dragoons, maddened at her inactivity. "I'll give you a minute to touch ground, and if you still fill that saddle at the end of that time, I'll bring you to the dust with a pistol-ball!"

The Tory loosened his grip on the rein to draw his pistol, when Catherine suddenly wheeled her white charger, and dashed away like a flash of light.

The musket of a stalwart Tory struck his shoulder; but, before he could cover the flying girl with his aim, a rifle cracked, and he fell to the ground in the crimson throes of death.

His companions turned and beheld a solitary patriot sweeping down upon them with drawn saber.

They might have dropped him with their pistols; but, they concluded to seek safety in flight, and hastily disappeared within the undergrowth, from which they had dashed upon the girl.

The patriot did not turn to pursue. He glanced at the fallen Tory as he rode forward, and seemed bent on overtaking Catherine Reynolds.

All at once he drew his pistol and discharged it in the air.

The echo had not ceased to reverberate down the valley, when the girl suddenly drew rein, and cantered back toward the soldier.

She had recognized the report of his pistol.

"Catherine," said the soldier, "I thank God that I arrived in time to save your life. But why rode you forth unattended?"

"I was going to see the Beatty. I thought that the valley was cleared of our enemies. For days I have not seen a sign of them."

"They are far from leaving without you, girl," he said. "They want you. Their spies find every road, armed for your death. You have been worth a regiment to us during this bloody struggle, and you must be saved. They lie low for you."

"Where were you going, Rodney?"

"To the hidden hut. I came to tell you that to-morrow, at sunrise, I bring my band thither to conduct you to New York."

"I am not afraid to remain," she said, bravely.

"I am well aware of that, my little girl; but, somebody loves you, you know, and he must not lose you."

A crimson blush flushed over her cheeks, and Rodney Foos tried, but in vain, to kiss it away, as they rode along.

At last they reached a diminutive hut, nestled in a gloomy valley. It was so surrounded by trees and bushes that it had escaped the eye of the British spies. Beyond its door Catherine Reynolds, the hunted heroine of the Revolution, had dwelt for six months with no companion save a faithful canine, and now and then a visit from her lover—beardless, but manly, Rodney Foos.

After entering the structure, Catherine prepared a frugal meal, and the night was

far advanced when the patriot bade her farewell, until the god of day should salute the eastern horizon.

He rode swiftly back to his encampment to prepare for the march. His band slightly outnumbered the Tory's, but were poorly armed. This is the "Hawks of the Valley" knew, and they never shrank from an encounter with the patriots.

"Fight? Oh, no! Samp wouldn't fight. Why, he's timmersom' es a suckin' duck, is Samp!"

"Cuse it all, Grizzly! go on wi' ther ranger again how yer snaked him," growled the old ranger again.

"Well, then, me an' a California chap, Nick Merrine war his man, bed been up in the Nevadys this season, an' while that we run ag'in a camp as hed about a dozen an' so Hoosiers, es they called 'em, into it, an' we found 'em in a terrible state uv excitement over a big b'ar as hed been raisin' ole scratch all over ther kentry around."

"They sed they had shot away a'most all the powder an' lead at the varmin, but he didn't seem to mind them b'ars a bit more'n if they'd'a' been gully peas fired outen a paw-paw popgun."

"At the time I war in wants uv Jess sech a b'ar as that; an' so, arter lookin' at ther critter's trail, an' seein' that he war a buster, I determined to give up o'ther hunt an' go fur him."

"The kentry about the camp war a wild one. Twur right plum in ther mountins, an' yer all knows what ther Nevadys ar— Jess sech a stampin' groun' es ol' Eph likes best."

"Then the Hoosiers war mighty scart uv the b'ar, but sed as how they'd help me if they could; an' so I went to work an' got ready for her campaign."

"The next night I lay off in a canyon whar Eph war in hab' uv my passin'. Twur fu'ly the moon, an' long toards midnight the b'ar lumber'd down ther gully, grumblin' to hissef an' chawin' his tongue's ef he war hungry."

"I heard him scraffin' in ther bones, an' then he comin' down ther gully; in fact, it war his reg'lar beat."

"Arter thinkin' ther b'izness over a bit, I determined to try her dead-fall game onto him an' wi' ther help uv them Hoosiers an' Nick, I rigged her trap an' got it done a hour by sun."

"I didn't say northin', neither had he said the b'ar. Yur see, I war only takin' his measure, an' so he trotted along outer sight over a spur below ther mouth uv the canyon."

"I didn't say northin', neither had he said the b'ar. Yur see, I war only takin' his measure, an' so he trotted along outer sight over a spur below ther mouth uv the canyon."

"I didn't say northin', neither had he said the b'ar. Yur see, I war only takin' his measure, an' so he trotted along outer sight over a spur below ther mouth uv the canyon."

"I didn't say northin', neither had he said the b'ar. Yur see, I war only takin' his measure, an' so he trotted along outer sight over a spur below ther mouth uv the canyon."

"I didn't say northin', neither had he said the b'ar. Yur see, I war only takin' his measure, an' so he trotted along outer sight over a spur below ther mouth uv the canyon."

"I didn't say northin', neither had he said the b'ar. Yur see, I war only takin' his measure, an' so he trotted along outer sight over a spur below ther mouth uv the canyon."

"I didn't say northin', neither had he said the b'ar. Yur see, I war only takin' his measure, an' so he trotted along outer sight over a spur below ther mouth uv the canyon."

"I didn't say northin', neither had he said the b'ar. Yur see, I war only takin' his measure, an' so he trotted along outer sight over a spur below ther mouth uv the canyon."

"I didn't say northin', neither had he said the b'ar. Yur see, I war only takin' his measure, an' so he trotted along outer sight over a spur below ther mouth uv the canyon."

"I didn't say northin', neither had he said the b'ar. Yur see, I war only takin' his measure, an' so he trotted along outer sight over a spur below ther mouth uv the canyon."

"I didn't say northin', neither had he said the b'ar. Yur see, I war only takin' his measure, an' so he trotted along outer sight over a spur below ther mouth uv the canyon."

"I didn't say northin', neither had he said the b'ar. Yur see, I war only takin' his measure, an' so he trotted along outer sight over a spur below ther mouth uv the canyon."

"I didn't say northin', neither had he said the b'ar. Yur see, I war only takin' his measure, an' so he trotted along outer sight over a spur below ther mouth uv the canyon."

"I didn't say northin', neither had he said the b'ar. Yur see, I war only takin' his measure, an' so he trotted along outer sight over a spur below ther mouth uv the canyon."